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Heraclitus Ridens;

AT

A DIALOGUE between *JEST* and *EARNEST* Concerning the *TIMES.*

From Saturday January the 1*st.* to Tuesday the 4*th.* 170¾.

Jest. THis it is to keep Company with Men of Letters; every paltry Queriſt ſmells me out for an *Obſcurity Clearer*, and in a little time, I ſhall have as much Buſineſs upon my Hands as a City Scavenger.

Earn. Why ſo Paſſionate? In the Name of Friendſhip, Communicate your Grievances to me, as I may bear a part in 'em.

Jeſt. It would make a Stone ſpeak, to be under ſuch Apprehenſions; as I am daily under, all along of my vain Ambition of Converſing with the Learned. I tell you, Man, your Converſation has undone me, made a worſe Blockhead of me than I was before, and I ſhall have all the Inquiſitive part of the World upon my Back unleſs I break from your Enchantments this very Inſtant, and Aſſociate my ſelf with People whoſe Underſtandings are of the ſame level with my own.

Earn. I am as much in the Dark as ever, as to the Cauſe of what I enquir'd after. If this be your way of Explaining your ſelf, you'll make but a very indifferent *Obſcurity Clearer.* The Cauſe of Complaint is what I ask after, and ſince I am Conſcious to my ſelf of nothing on my part, that ſhould render my Company uneaſy to you, I cannot but purſue my Enquiries after the Reaſon of theſe unuſual Expreſſions.

Jeſt. Avaunt, *Anti-Chriſt* the Great; Thou Spiritual *Paſha* of Myſtical *Babylon*; Thou Unintelligible *Hocus Pocus* in *Chriſtendom*; Son of the *Scarlet Whore*; The Incendiary and Deceiver of the Nation; Thou Man of Sin, and *Pander* to the *Devil.*

Earn. No more of it? Had his Tripple Holineſs himſelf been here, you could not have given him harder Names. My old Acquaintance *Jeſt* run ſtark Mad; I have loſt a Merry Companion of him, and am ſorry for this Accident; but what ſurprizes moſt, Religiouſly Mad, Presbytery Mad! Poor Fellow, Six and Twenty Ounces of Blood drawn from him might eaſe this Diſorder of his. Here, Drawer, tell Mr. *R*—— in *Chancery-Lane*, That I have a Patient for him.

Jeſt. Sweet Sir, your humble Servant. I have no Blood to ſpare at this Time. But I am very like to be *Popiſhly Mad* without a Caſt of ſome body's Office, that knows more of the Matter than I do. A Murrain take you for that ſerious Look of yours, it has brought a Judgment down upon my Head, which it is impoſſible for me to Ward. Oh! for the Nonjuring Parſons that *Nob* makes a Part of our Club. We muſt get ſome of 'em to bear a Bob for the future, or you muſt exerciſe your *Latin* by way of Epitaph upon me, for I can never hold it out at this rate. I have at leaſt half a Dozen Letters at this very Minute waiting for me at home, and in a little time, I ſhall be acquainted with more Poſt-Men than Drawers, which you know is a Peſtilent Number.

Earn. Yes, truly, Maſter *Jeſt*, *We have a Delicate Widow for you up one Pair of Stairs*, is a Sentence that comes out at every Fellow's Mouth at firſt Sight of you; and if you have but as many Poſt-Men to know you, as you have Drawers, thoſe will very much wrong you that ſay you are a ſtranger to that Itinerary Function. But what if thoſe Letters explain the Nature of 'em.

Jeſt. You ſhould lay your Commands on one that has a better Knack at Explaining Matters; to be brief with you, I have another Interrogatorial Epiſtle, and this Gravity of yours that has lug'd me in Head and Shoulders to talk Politicks and Scripture, has brought me into a fair Premunire. Who the Devil bid you meddle or make with the *Pope*'s Supremacy laſt time? For my part, you cannot but be ſatisfied, I know not a Syllable. See what a Nonplus it has put me to, there are Two Queſtions more for you, if you'll Solve 'em as you did the laſt, otherwiſe I muſt go over to the ſtrongeſt Side, that I muſt, and pay my Reſpects at the *Portugueze Chappel.*

Earn. Hey day, What's here to be done? Another *Letter!* Come, come, pluck-up your Spirits, Man. You are not the firſt that has had the Reputation of a Scholar without the Learning. I dare perſwade my ſelf I can ſerve you in this Affair without the Help of the Clergy you juſt now ſpoke of; tho' I may probably be without thoſe Advantages which they are Maſters of. Let it be *Law* or *Goſpel*, I'll make it my Endeavour to bring you to your ſelf again. You have ſeveral Inſtances of the like Nature in the beſt Gentlemen at *White*'s Chocolate-Houſe, and there is ſcarce a Soul among 'em, but what has ſome body or other to Dictate Anſwers to the Letters they have written to themſelves. Conſider, that it's a Modiſh thing to keep a Secretary, and read the Contents of it.

Jeſt. You have enjoyn'd me a Task that I almoſt tremble at. Let you and I enter upon nothing that is Serious or Scriptural for the future, for at this rate it's a Pound to a Penny, but I have Queſtions ſent me by the next Poſt about the knotty Points of *Predeſtination*, *&c.* yet I will read it to you, and let you know what

a familiar Scab I have met with. (*Reads*)

Mr. Jeſt,

I All along took you for one of us, and to be of the Catholick Communion, which made me advance your Dialogue at ſeveral Coffee-Houſes; but you muſt have a fling at us, muſt you, in your laſt, and queſtion the Pope's Supremacy? *&c. Since therefore you would wound a Religion that bears Date with Chriſtianity's firſt Riſe, in its moſt tender Part, you would do well to Anſwer the following Queſtions at your Convenience. Firſt,* Where was the Proteſtant Church before *Luther? 2dly,* Whether Two Supremacies, the one in Eccleſiaſtical and the other in Temporal Affairs, be conſiſtent in a Kingdom? *Theſe duly Conſider'd, may probably recover you into the Boſom of the Mother Church, and Ingenuouſly Anſwer'd, muſt needs be to the Satisfaction of your ſelf, and him who is yours,* &c.

Juſtinian Fitz-Gerald.

Earn. I ſhall be very ready to keep up your Reputation, as long as it ſhall be in my Power ſo to do; but ſince an Anſwer to both your Queſtions at once, may be diſproportionate to the Time we allow our ſelves for this Conference, take an Anſwer to your Firſt, in the Words of a very Great Man, and a Martyr for that Church, whoſe Defence he Seal'd with his laſt Blood.

There is no greater Abſurdity (ſaith Arch-Biſhop *Laud*) ſtirring this Day in *Chriſtendom*, than that the Reformation of an old Corrupted Church, will we, nill we, muſt be taken for the Building of a New. And were not this ſo, we ſhould never be troubled with that idle, and impertinent Queſtion of theirs: *Where was your Church before Luther?* For it was juſt there, where theirs is now. One, and the ſame Church ſtill, no doubt of that. One in Subſtance, but not one in Condition of State, and Purity; their Part of the ſame Church remaining in Corruption: And our Part of the ſame Church under Reformation. The ſame *Naaman*, and he a *Syrian* ſtill, but Leprous with them, and Cleanſed with us; the ſame Man ſtill. His Epiſtle Dedicatory to the *Royal Martyr*, before the Conference between him and *Fiſher*.

I may compare, (*ſaith Anthony Cade*, Batchelour of *Divinity*, and another Bright Luminary of the Eſtabliſhed Church) The whole Church of Chriſt in all Her Ages, to *Naaman* the *Syrian*, who was honourable for bringing Safety to his Nation. He was firſt pure and ſound, and did many Honourable Acts, and thereby repreſented the Primitive Church, Pure and Clean, without Spot or Diſeaſe appearing: Howbeit there might be ſome Secret Seeds of Diſeaſes unperceiv'd, which in continuance of Time grew into a viſible Leproſy. In his middle time he became Leprous, Diſeaſed and Deformed, fouly Infected in himſelf, and infecting others, and thereby repreſented the latter Church of *Rome*. Afterwards by the Prophet's Direction, he was waſhed and cleanſed from his Leproſy, and his Fleſh reſtored to become pure and perfect, like the Fleſh of a young Child, and thereby repreſented our Reformed Churches. And as *Naaman* in all theſe Three Eſtates, was the ſame Perſon, and not a new, divers, or ſeveral Man (for *Eliſha* made not a new Man, but cleanſed the old of Diſeaſes, and reſtored him to his firſt Soundneſs) ſo our Church is not a new Church, but the old Church Reformed from Errors and Corruptions, and reſtored to her antient Purity and Soundneſs. Let the Church of *Rome* ſtill glory in her Leproſy, and brag of the Antiquity of ſome of Her Diſeaſes, we thank God for our Churches cleanſing, and the new Reſtoring of it to the Primitive Purity. His Juſtification of the Church of *England*, &c. *lib.* 1. *c.* 1. *Sect.* 5. *p.* 5. *Edit.* 1630.

Jeſt By my Faith, you have ſet me up for a meer Caſuiſt, and I have nothing that will ſuit my Condition better than the Regius Profeſſor's Chair. I am as light as Air now, that was as heavy as Lead before this Solution of yours.

Earn. I have a piece of Intricacy for you too, a *Poetical Ænigma*; I mean the *Countryman's* Verſes in *Nob*'s laſt; prithee let me into the meaning of 'em.

Jeſt. He has been a Plundering Sir *Palmes Fairbone*'s Epitaph in *Weſtminſter-Abby* for one, which is this;

And be the Town's Palladium from the Foe.

Moſt of the reſt are of the ſame *Complexion*, pick'd up here and there, though ſome may be found to be his own from the genuine Dullneſs that abounds in 'em. In exchange for his, I'll give you a Fable of my own, which for all that I know, may be juſtly enough Animadverted upon; but the Reader will conclude with me, that they are not Stoler.

A Lyon yielding to his Fate,
Like other Beaſts of Princely State,
That o're the Forreſt Reign,
Two of his Kindred brought their Claim
Of different Right, and different Name,
And would thoſe Claims maintain.
The firſt from all his Subjects Voice,
And from a Teſtimonial Choice
His high Pretenſions made;
The ſecond of the Lyon's Kind,
From Tyes of Blood, and Oaths that bind,
In form his Caveat laid.
When ſpight of what his Sires had done,
The firſt a Gallant of a Son,
Leapt to the Throne in haſt.
And having ſeiz'd the Regal Goods
Whether on Hills, or Plains, or Woods,
Was in Poſſeſſion plac'd.
Whereas the laſt unus'd to Force,
And thinking all his own of Courſe
Sate ſilently at Home,
And ſtill his Journey had delay'd,
By Fond, Indulgent Parents ſtaid
In ſpight of Lybia's Doom.
Lybia, that deſtin'd ſeem'd to be,
O'rerun with Fraud and Treachery,
Till Neighbouring Pow'rs awak'd,
And ſummon'd all their Arts and Senſe,
Their Treaſures in the Youths Defence,
And for him Kingdoms ſtak'd.
Nobly Attended forth, He came
In ſearch of Empire and of Fame,
And Nobly was Aſſiſted.
As Entertain'd with Feaſts and Sports,
He to his own through foreign Courts
Without Obſtruction Poſted.
When at Sydonian *Plains arriv'd,*
By Sydon's *Lionneſs, reviv'd*
All Rapture and Surprize,
He ſtood amaz'd at what He'd ſeen,
Such Flowing Plenty, ſuch a Queen,
And ſcarce believ'd his Eyes.
Till forwards from among the Crowd,
A ſenſeleſs Monkey, poor and Proud,
His Majeſty Addreſs'd,
And cry'd upon a Monkey's Word,
You are your People's Sovereign Lord,
There's none but will confeſs't.
Look on my Queen, *ſhe'll Vindicate*
And with the Forces of Her State,
Conduct you to your Throne-
I have for Prophecyes been Try'd,
And ſince I've written on your ſide.
Your Crowns are all your own.
What Pity 'tis a Queen ſo Good,
Of ſuch Illuſtrious Worth and Blood.
The Prince concern'd, reply'd,
Should ſuffer ſuch an Appiſh Fool,
Her Government to Ridicule
With Inſolence and Pride.
Apes we like Apes ſhould always uſe,
The Scum, the Scandal and Refuſe
Of all the whole Creation,
Not ſuffer ſuch a Slave to Cry,
Without Rebuke, my Queen and I,
When he'd Pervert the Nation.

The MORAL.

That none of what's due to 'em this Fable may rob,
The Monkey's the perfect Reſemblance of Nob.

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